(4.)

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LONDON,

Printed by *T Moore*, and *J Heptinstall*, for *John Carr*, at his Shop at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, *Anno Domini*, MDCXCI.

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O -- *rin - na* now you'r young and gay,

Frown not on each pre -- ten - - der: the ſelf ſame Sun that

warms in *May* has no pow'r in *De-cem-ber*, the ſelf ſame Sun that

warms in *May*, has no pow'r in *De -- cem -- ber.*

Mr. *John Eagles.*

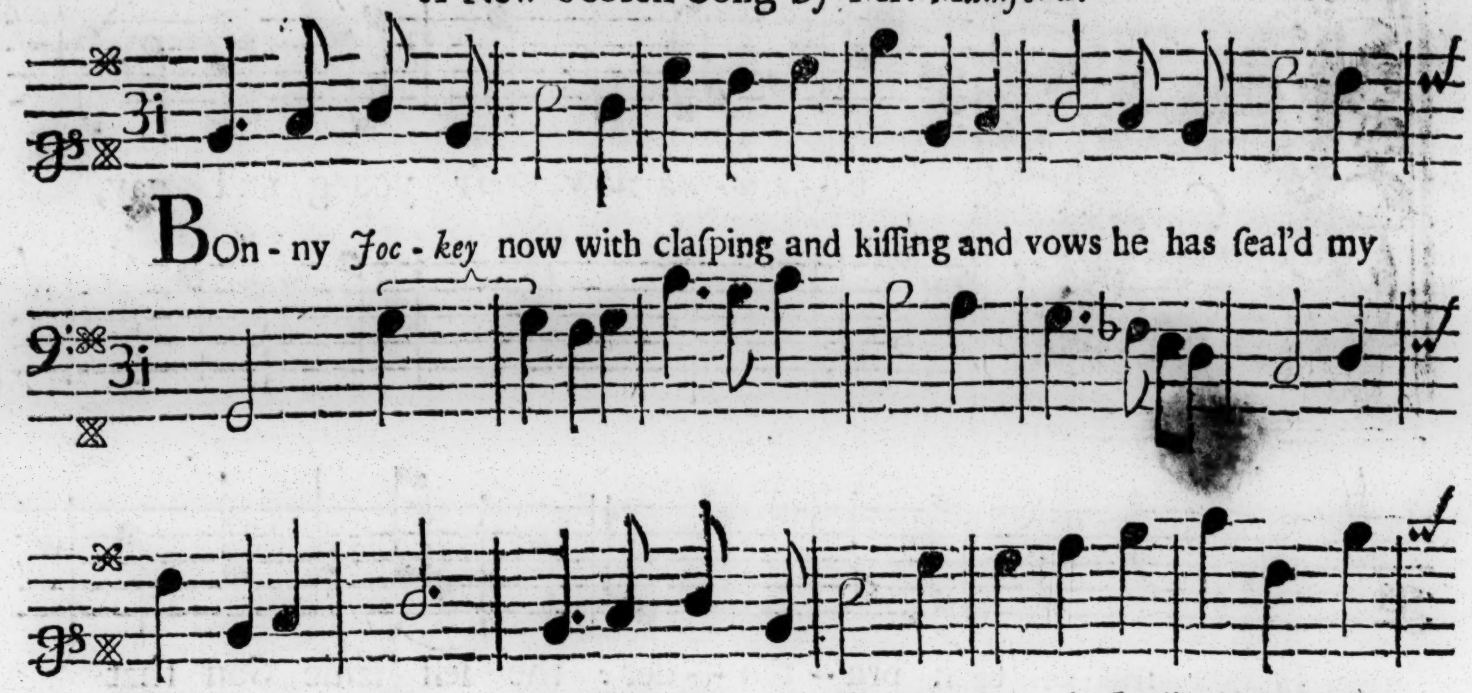
II.

The God of Love will ſhow his Hate
To thoſe neglected Duties,
And one day make 'em know the Fate
Of wither'd Autumn Beauties;
And one day make 'em, &c.

III.

Hoping in vain to be ador'd,
Decking each fading Feature,
VVhilſt, like Diſeaſes, they're abhorr'd,
And ſhun'd by ev'ry Creature.
VVhilſt, like Diſeaſes, they're abhorr'd, &c.

A New Scotch Song by Mr. *Mumford.*



I have been told tis no hard task a hopeleſs Love to quit, but

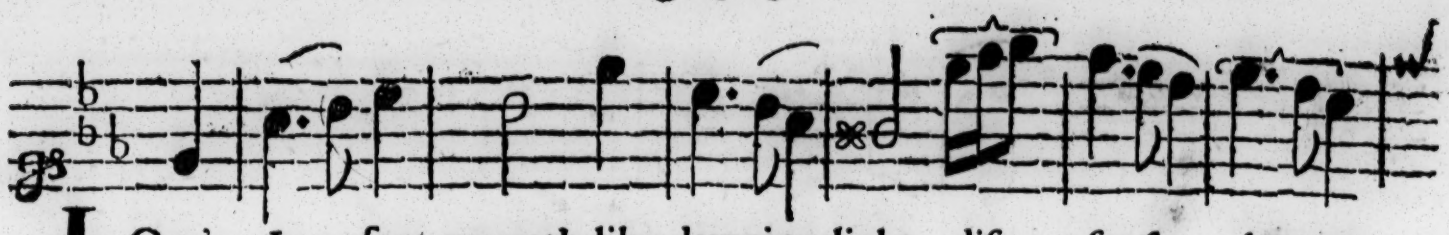
tho' I vain- ly pit - ty ask *I* am a Captive yet.

I can no o-ther Choice ap-prove, I can no o-ther Choice ap -

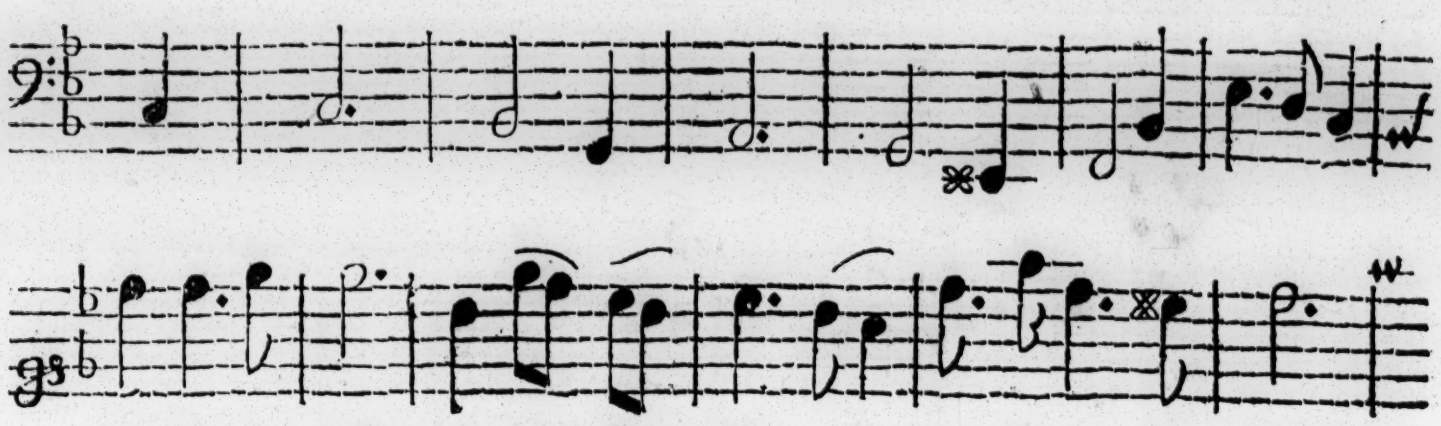
prove, but that I once did make my conſtant Heart can e - ver Love, my

Conſtant Heart can e - - ver Love, but ne-ver can for - ſake.

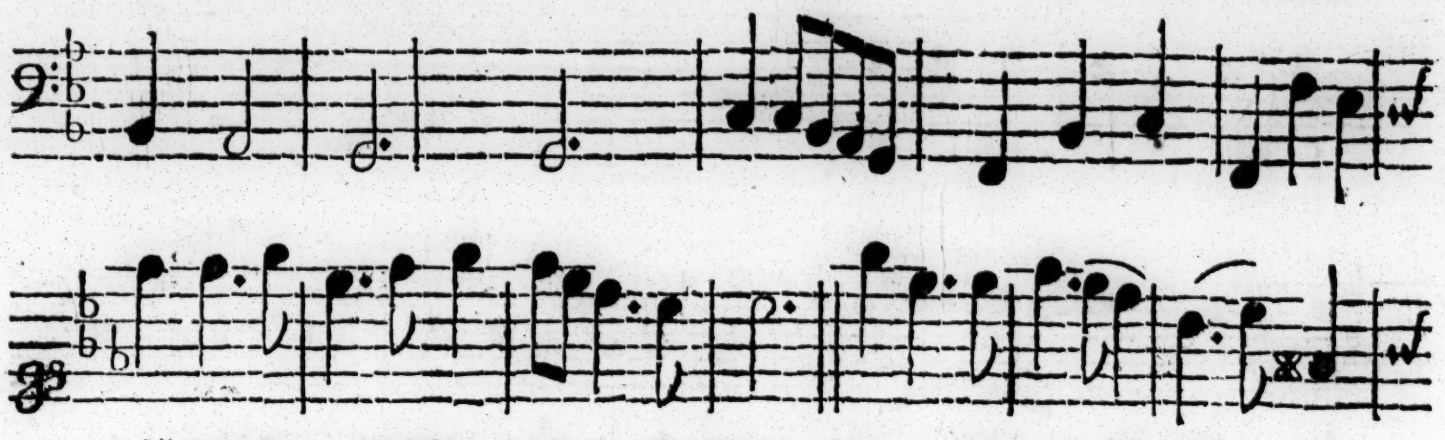
Mr. *Ralph Courtevell.*



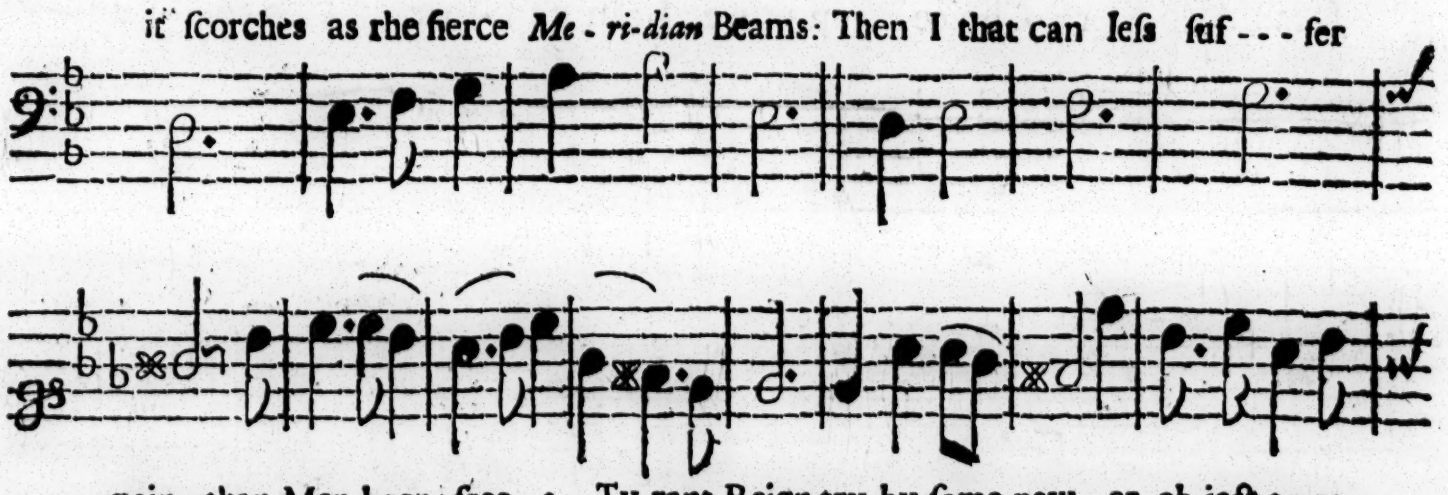
LOve's In -- fant warmth like dawning light, dif- - - fu- ſes through



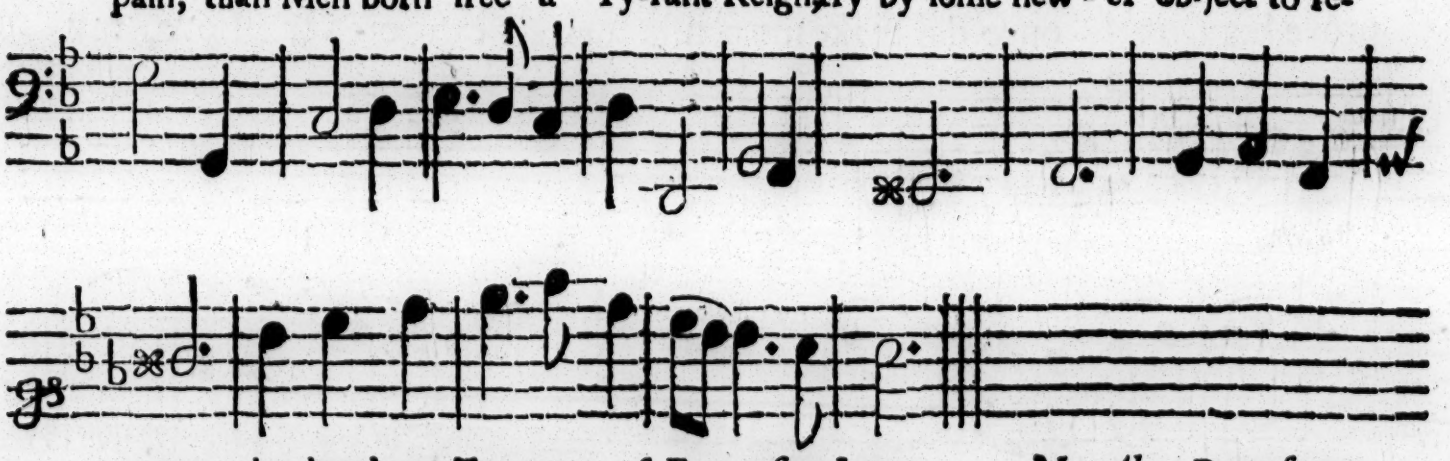
the ſole de - light, but when from that it ri - ſes to Ex - treams,



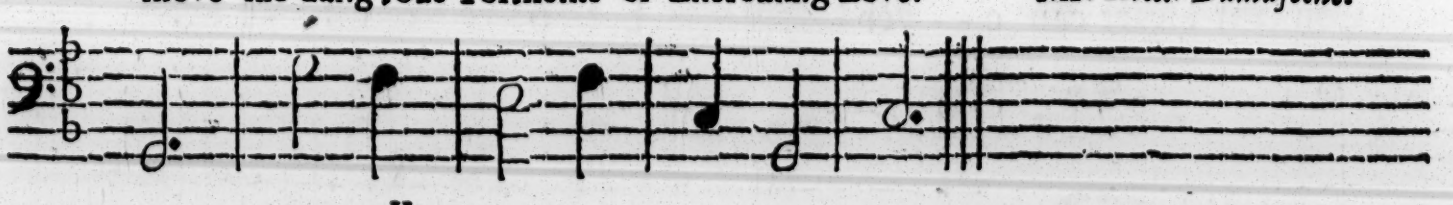
it ſcorches as the fierce *Me - ri-dian* Beams: Then I that can leſs ſuf - - - fer



pain, than Men born free a Ty-rant Reign try by ſome new - er ob-ject to re-



move the dang'rous Torments of Encreaſing Love. Mr. *Alex. Damaſcene.*



II.

Yet dare not long that object ſee
Leſt I ſhould loſe my liberty,
Be rude like him who only One can prize,
And all the Sex beſides that One deſpiſe:

With eaſie Joys Thouſands I view,
But ne're to Frenzy them purſue,
So well compos'd, ſo temperd's my deſire,
Like lambent flames that ſhine but do not fire.

IN vain I ſtrive my Flame to hide, which will it ſelf Re——veal;

not all my Prudence, nor my Pride, my Paſ————————

————————ſion can Con—ceal: For aid my honour

I Re——peat, and on my rea—ſon call; But Oh! when

Love is mighty great, our Reaſon's ve——ry ſmall; But Oh! when

Love is migh—ty great, our Reaſon's ve——ry ſmall.

WHen e're thoſe love-ly Eyes I view, I burn a—way, I burn a——

——way with fierce de—ſire; ſuch power——full Influence muſt ſub——

——due, ſuch powerfull Influence muſt ſub—due, and ſet the Col———

———deſt heart on fire. *Pla*——

——*chillias* ſure to Conquer all that know what joyes in Wo—men

are. Crouds of Admirers proſtrate fall, Crouds of Ad—mirers

proſtrate fall; in ev'ry place, in ev'ry place, in e——v'ry

place, in e—v'ry place, where you ap——pear: Crouds of Ad——

You are ſo very Charm—ing fair, ſuch Temp————

——ting Fea——tures in your Face; 'tis

ſure im—poſ——ſi——ble you were pro—duc'd like us, of

hu——mane race. Then juſ—ti——fie your birth Di——

——vine, in ſhew--ing pit—ty, in ſhew--ing pit—ty,

in ſhew——ing pit——ty, to your ſlave. Tem--ples and

Al—--tars brigh—-teſt ſhine when Heav'n is kind, when

Heav'n is kind, when——-Heav'n is kind and

pleas'd to ſave. Temples and

Will *Co - rin - na* ne're be - lieve the Vows I've oft re -pea - ted,

muſt I for her e -- ver grieve who dai - ly ſhe's In - trea -- ted —

— will her Ears be e - - ver deaf un - - to my mournful ſound,

will her Tongue give no re - - - lief to him her Eyes does

wound, wound.

Mr. *John Eagles.*

Once ſlumbring as I lay, as I lay with-in my Bed, no Creature with me,

no Crea-ture with me but my Maidenhead, me-thought a Gallant came as

Gal-lants they can do, much, much with young La-dies and with old ones

too, he woo'd, he ſu'd, at laſt he ſped, Married me

thought we were and went to Bed, he turn'd to me, got up, with that I

ſqueak'd, bluſh'd and cry'd out, cry'd out and ſo a - - wak'd.

It wou'd have vex'd a Saint, my Fleeſh did burn to be ſo near and miſs,

and miſs ſo good, ſo good a turn; Oh cru - el Dream, Oh

cru - el Dream, why doſt thou thus deceive me, to ſhew me

Heav'n and then in Hell, in Hell to leave me.

Mr. *Samuel Akeroyde.*

THE Crewel *Silvia* Loves and Burns in Flames she can - - not hide,

make her dear *Thirsis* cold Re - turns, Treat her with Scorn and Pride,

you know that Captives she has made, the Tor - ments of her Chain,

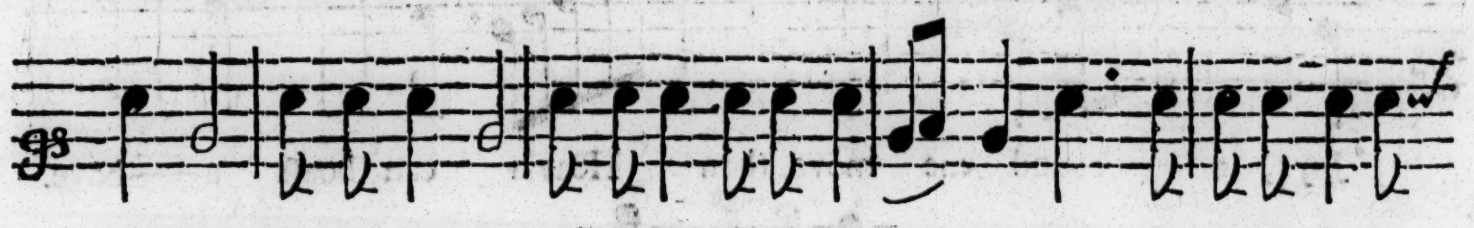
let her, let her be once betray'd, or wrack her with dis - dain.

Mr. *Moses Snow.*

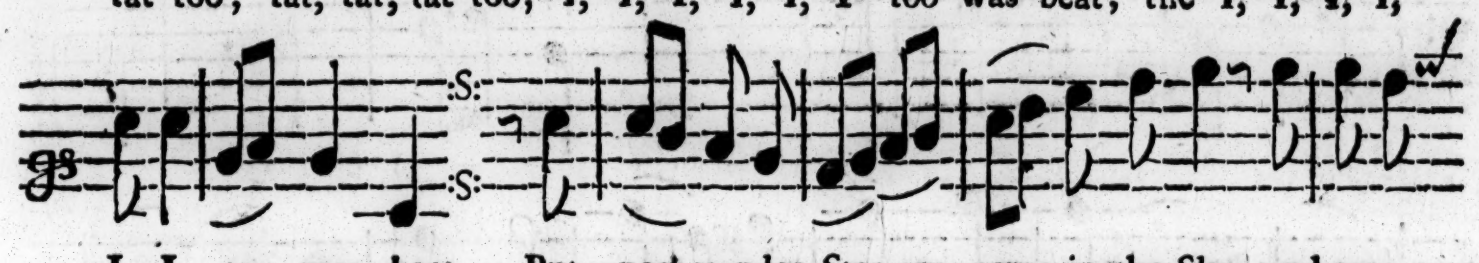
A Catch in Three parts by Mr. *Henry Purcell.*

AT the cloſe of the Ev'ning the Watches were ſet, the Guard went

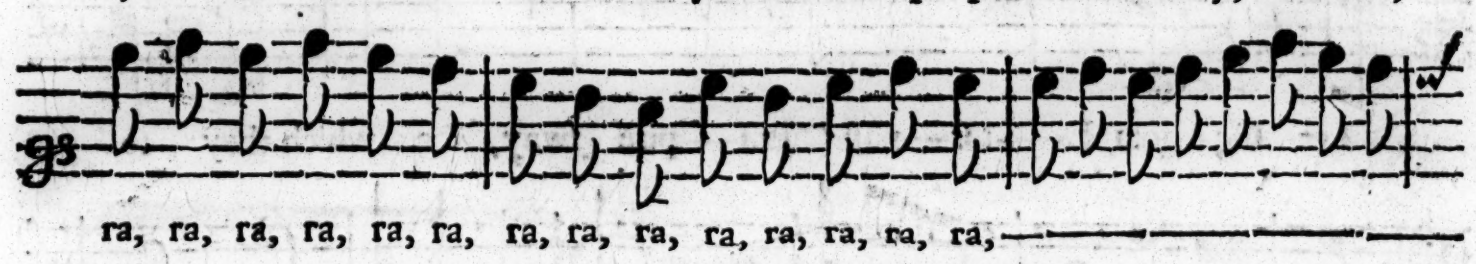
the round, and the tat, tat, tat too; tat, tat, tat too; tat, tat, tat too; tat, tat,



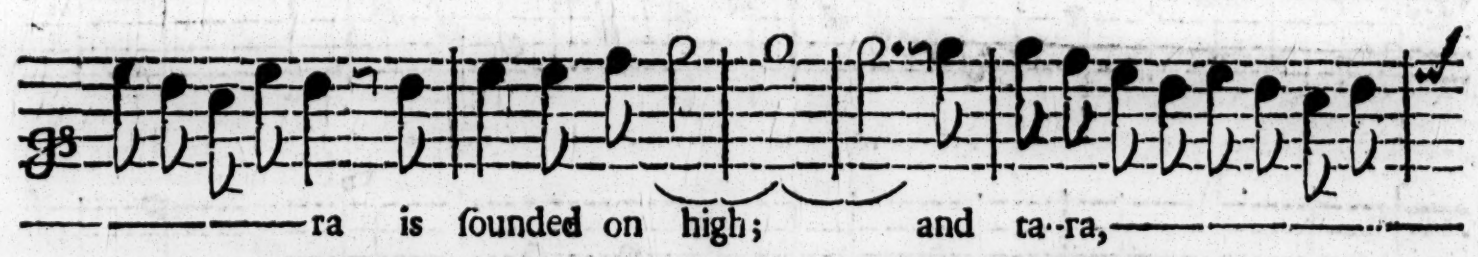
tat too; tat, tat, tat too; I, I, I, I, I, I too was beat; the I, I, I, I,



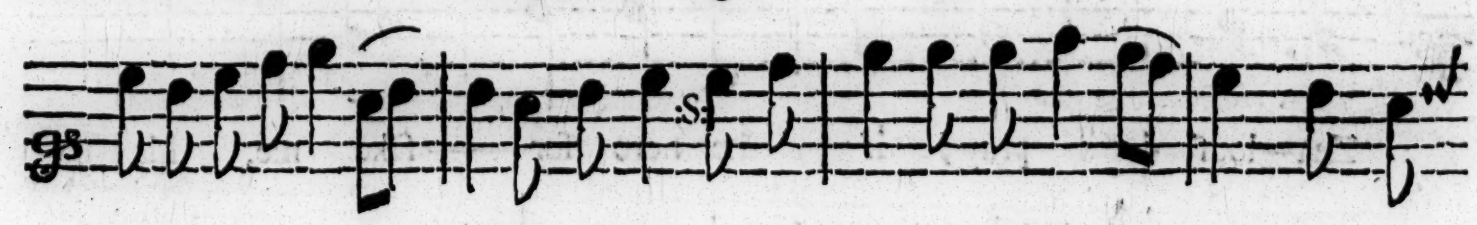
I, I too was beat. But near yonder Star ap—pears in the Sky, and tara,



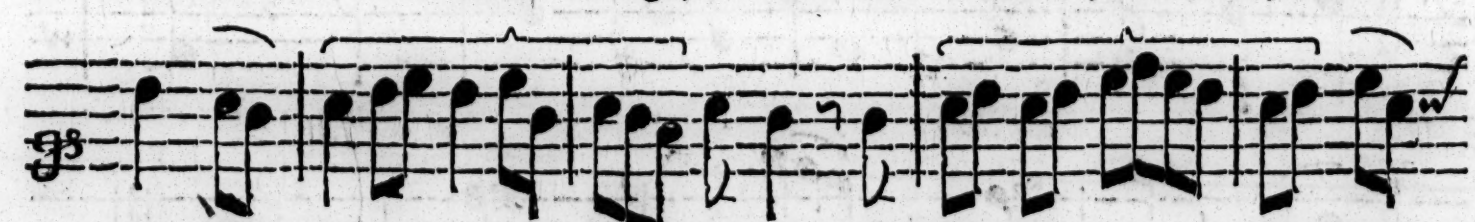
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,———————



———————ra is ſounded on high; and ta--ra,———————

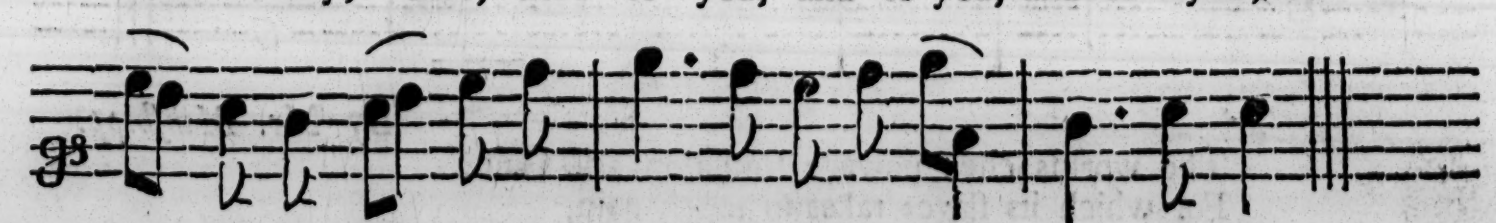


———————is ſounded on high, we ſhall ſoon be releiv'd, then drink, drink a-

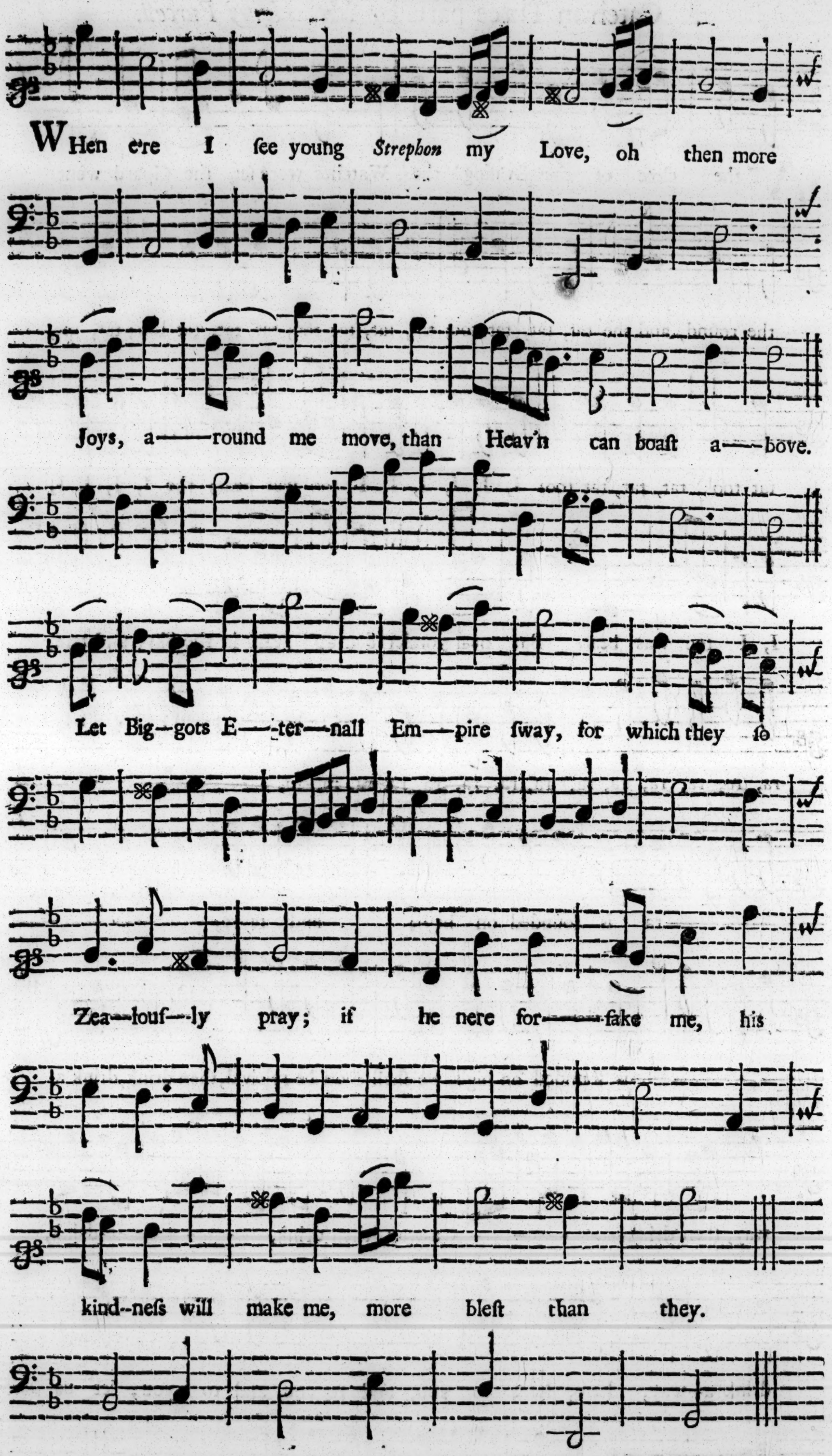


way, then drink——————a-way, then drink,——————drink,

drink a---way, here, her's to you, and to you, and to you; let us



drink, let us drink till 'tis day; Let, let us drink till 'tis day.



By Mr. *Manſhipp.*

The worlds cheif power's Ambition and Gain,
For which its ſlaves takes ſo much pain,
How wretched or how vain.
There's no happy ſtate below the Sky,
But Love can be call'd a true joy,

'Tis ſtrange, 'tis ſtrange this Heart with-in my Breaſt; Reaſon Op--po—ſing,

And her pow'rs Cannot one ſin—gle mo—ment reſt; un--leſs it knows, it

knows what's done in yours. In vain I ſeek it in your

Eyes, which ſubt--ly would my fears controul, for Art has taught them

to Diſguiſe; for Art has taught them to Diſguiſe, which Nature

made to Ex—plain, Explain the Soul.

FRee from *Ce—lin—da's* ra—ging ſmart, *A—lex—is* breaſt was

peace; Wounded was her more ten—der heart, his har—der

one at Eaſe. The God that hearts of Rock could ſhake,

is ſure a Coward grown; he ty—ran-ni—ſes o're the Weak: he

ty—ran-ni—ſes o're the Weak, but dares not ſtrike the ſtrong.

By Mr. *Ra. Courteville.*

By Mr. *Rob. King.*

WHere Beauty with ſuch charms does ſhine, as my poor heart, poor heart has won; can I the pleaſing thought de—cline, tho ſure to be, to be un—done? No, no, no, no, no ra——ther than in mi——ſe--ry from your fair Eyes to Live; No, no, no, no, no rather than in mi—ſe—ry from your fair Eyes to Live, be it my gent———

-ler lott to dye by the ſoft wounds, ſoft

wounds, by the ſoft wounds they give: No, no, no, no be

it my gentler lott to dye by the ſoft wounds they give: No,

no, no, no, be it my gentler lott to dye by the ſoft

wounds they give.

By Mr. *Rob. King.*

THe world was huſh'd, the world was huſh'd, and na--ture

lay lull'd———in a ſoft, in a ſoft, ſoft re—

—poſe; the world was huſh'd: As I in tears Re--flec---ting

lay, on *Cin—thia's* faith—leſs, faith—leſs, on *Cinthia's* faithleſs,

faith—leſs Vows; on *Cin--thia's* faith—leſs Vows. The

God of Love, the God of Love, of Love all gay ap—pear'd,

all gay ap--pear'd; to heal my wound————-ed

heart, to heal my wound-ed heart; new pangs of Joy my Soul en—

dear'd, and pleaſure, pleaſure charm'd each part. Fond man, ſaid

he, here end thy woe, till they my Pow'r, till

they my Pow'r and Juſtice know; the Cruel Sex will

all doe ſo, will all,————will all doe ſo.

LET but *Co--rin—na* paſs a--long, a Thouſand Shepherds hearts ſhe

gains; ſhe's the ſoft Sub—ject, ſhe's the ſoft Sub—ject of each

Song, that's ſung up—--on the plea--ſant Plains. She's gay and

young as is the Spring, more Char———ming than the Queen of

Love; ſweeter than An--gels does ſhe Sing, and plea--ſes more than Joys a--bove.

The Second Part.

YET none but Per—jur'd *Da--mon*, e're the love—ly Char—ming

Maid cou'd move; he un—did the un——hap—py Fair, and taught her

ten—der heart to Love: Then left her whilſt ſhe ſighs, whilſt ſhe

ſighs——————————in vain ſhe ſighs, in

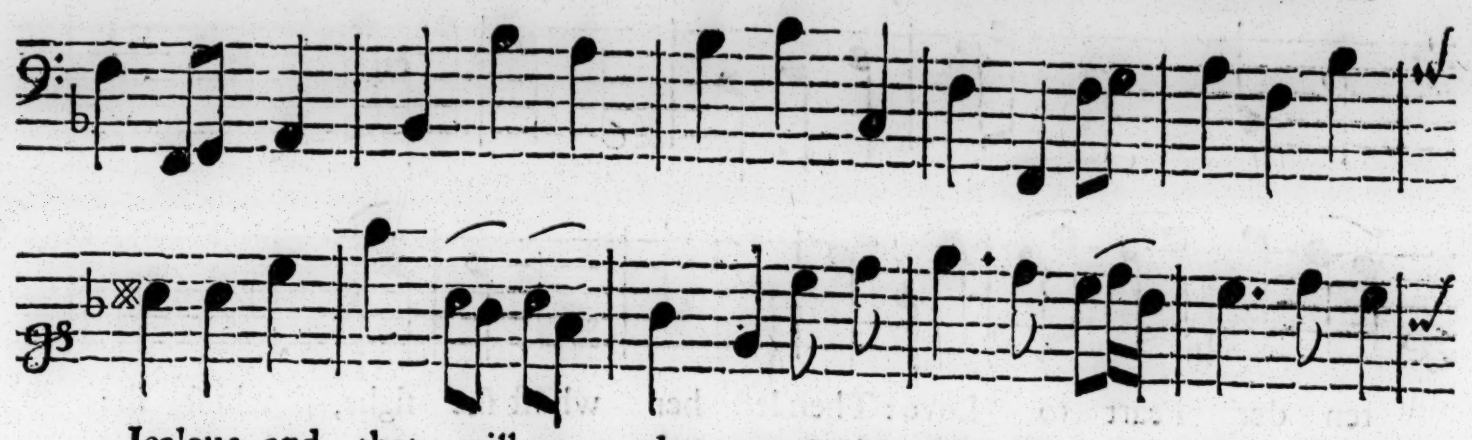
vain, and curſt the hour and fa——tal day, that firſt ſhe

ſaw her faith———leſs Swain, that did her Li——ber—ty be—tray.

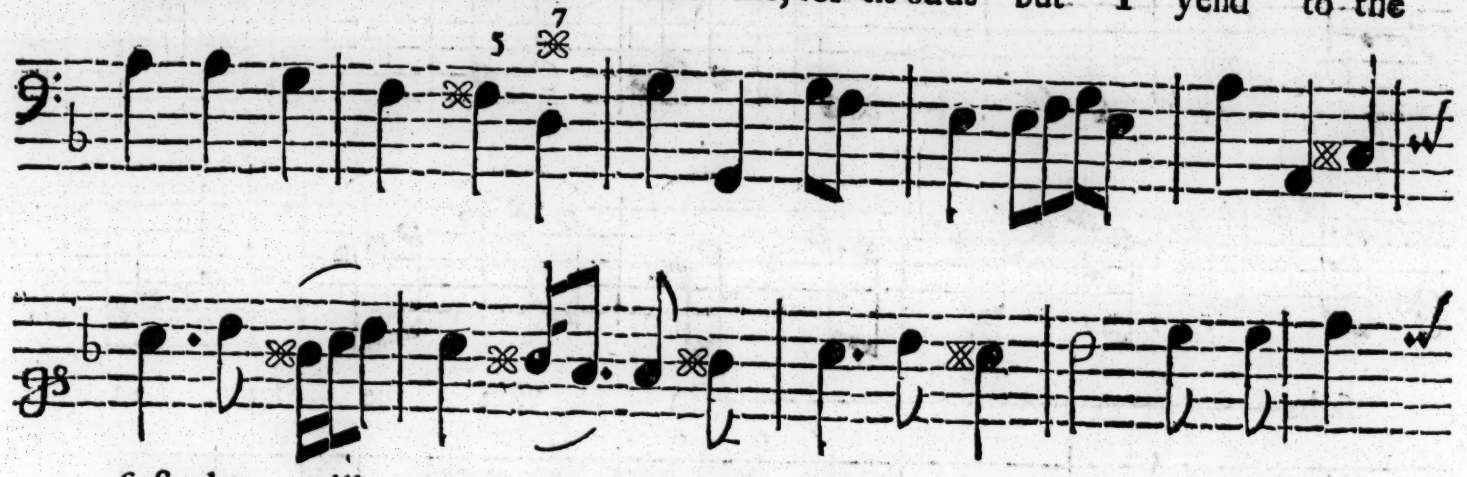
By Mr. *John Freeman.*

GRant ye Gods if I muſt be to *Hy——men* a ſlave, that the

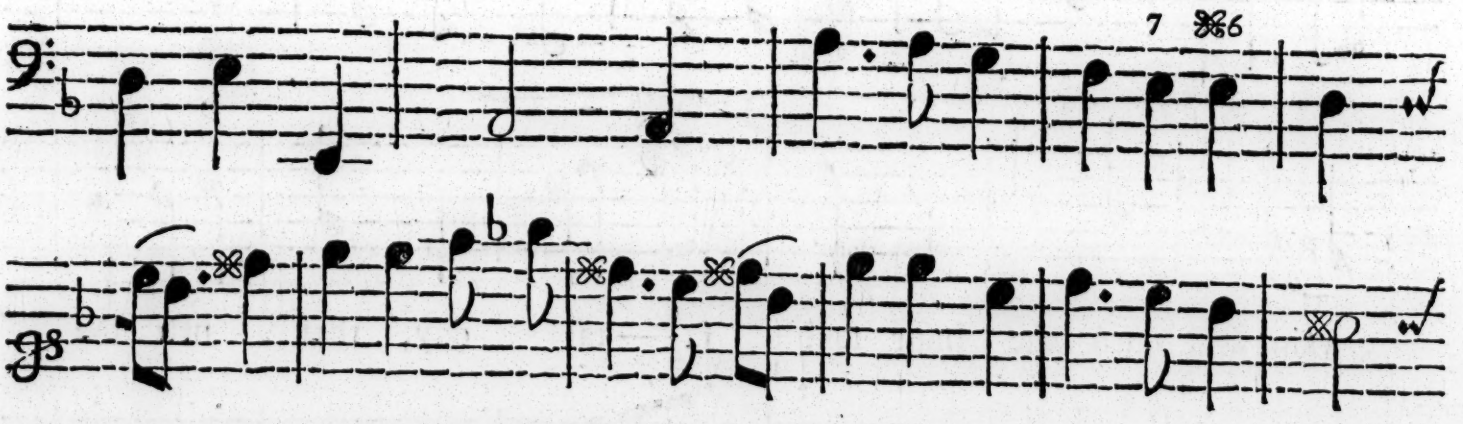
Man I ſhall wed, be no Fool nor a Knave: if a Dunce he'l be



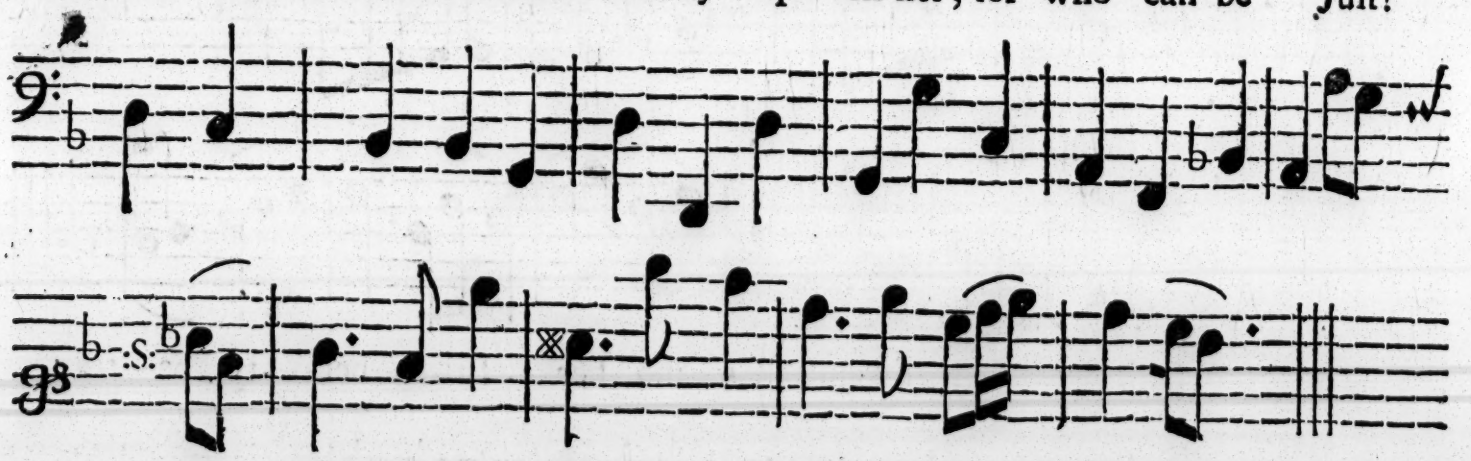
Jealous, and that will un——doe me, for 'tis odds but I yeild to the



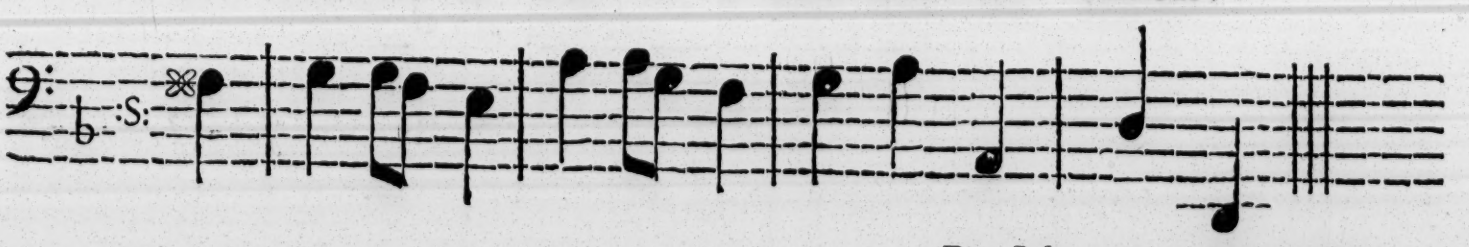
firſt that will wooe me: She that's linkt to a Rogue, Lord have mer——



——cy up——on her, Lord have mer--cy up—on her; for who can be Juſt?



for who can be Juſt to a Man with—out Honour?



By Mr. *Ra. Courteville.*

Let him I muſt take then for better for worſe,
Be honeſt and Love me, a fig for his Purſe;
For his truth and good nature, ſhall weigh more with me,
Than all he can tell us, of Gold and degree:
And a Woman of Wit, when nothing will win her,
Will be of this mind

A Dialogue ſung by Mr. Boman *&* *Mrs.* Butler *in Sir* Anthony Love.

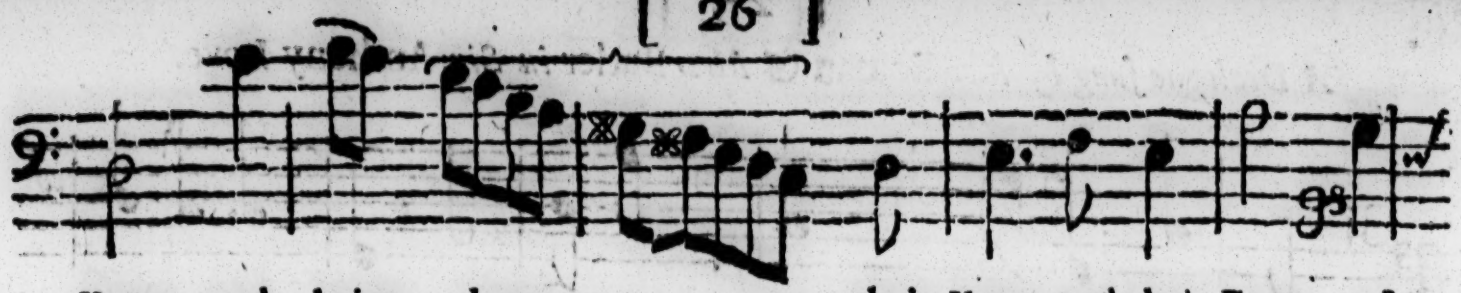
NO more Sir, no more, I'le e'ne give it o're, I ſee it is

all, it is all but a Cheat, your ſoft wiſh-ing Eyes, your Vows and your

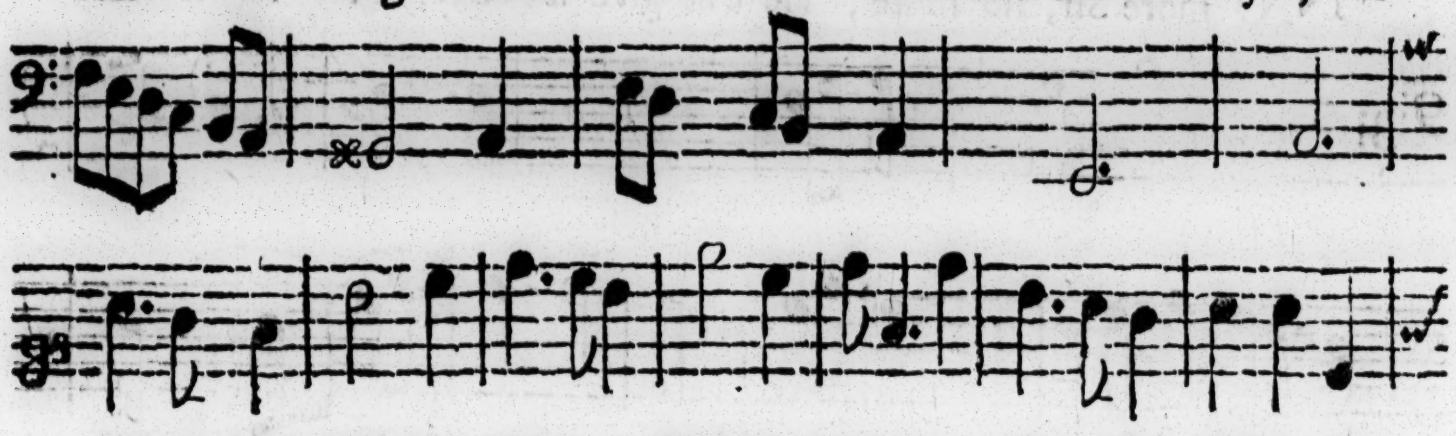
lyes, which thus you ſo of-ten, ſo of-ten re--peat; 'Tis you are too

blame who fooliſh-ly claim ſo fil-ly, ſo fil-ly a lean Sa--cri--fice; but

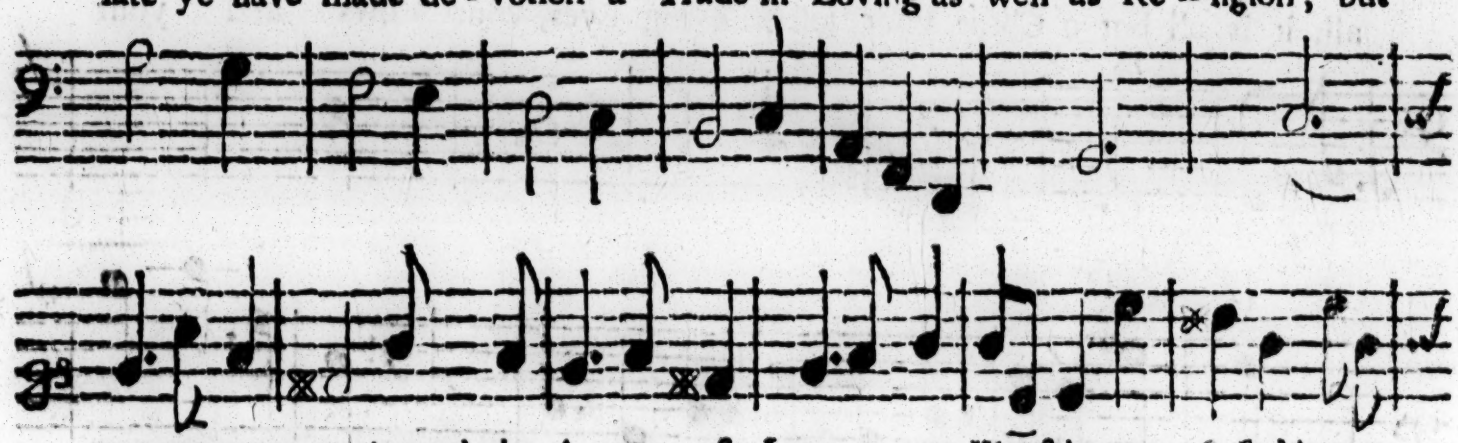
Lovers who Pray muſt al-ways o--bey, and bring down their



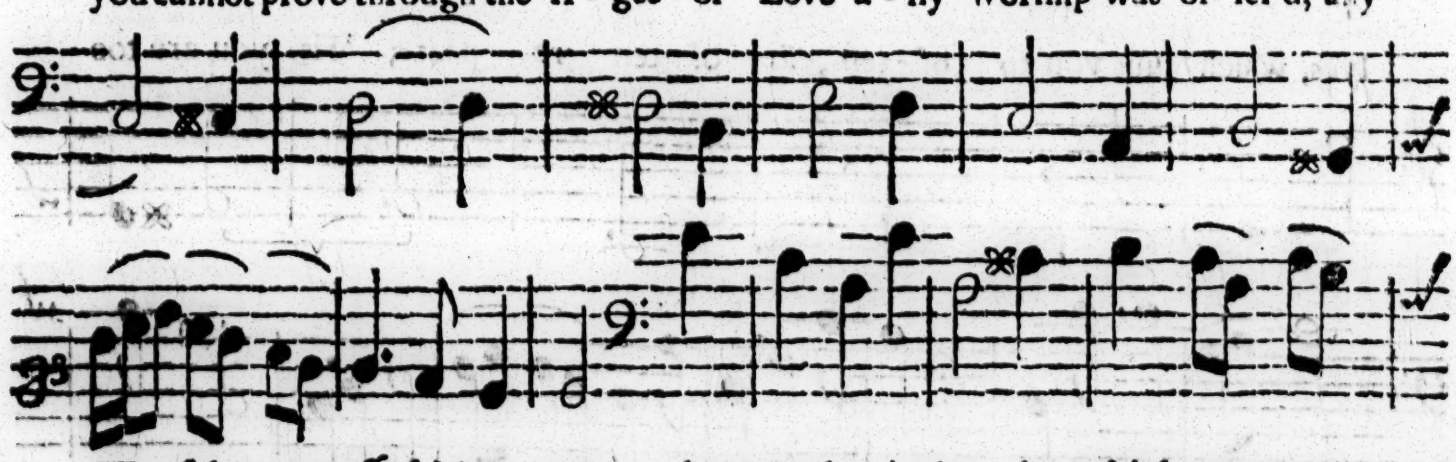
Knees and bring down ---------- their Knees and their Eyes, of



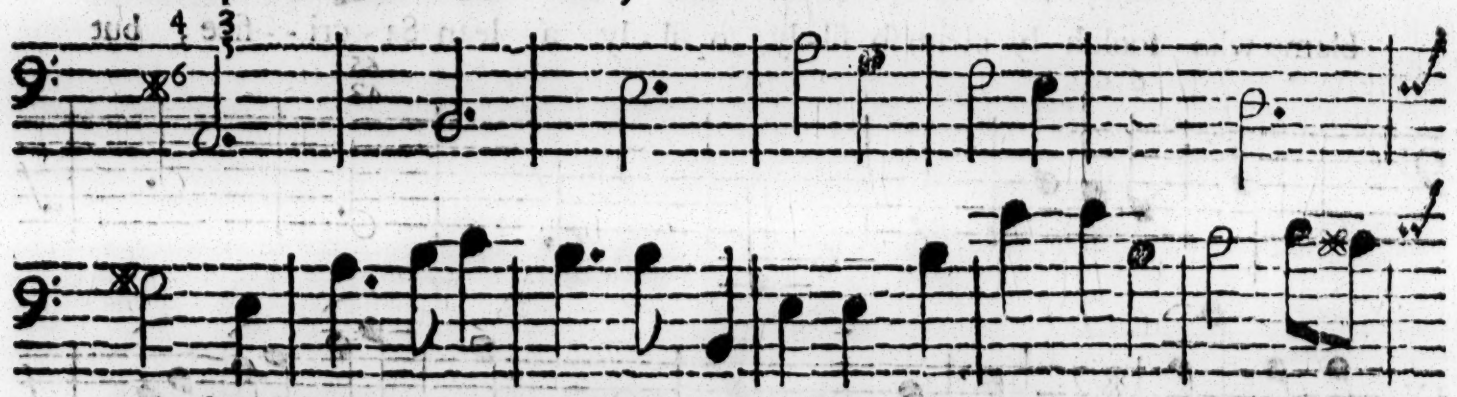
late ye have made de - votion a Trade in Loving as well as Re -- ligion, but



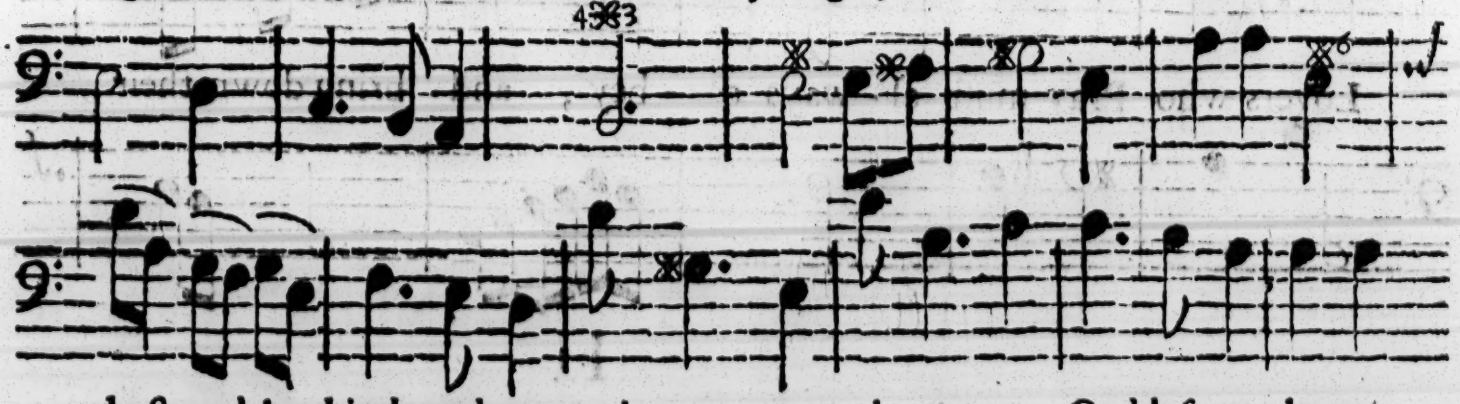
you cannot prove through the A - ges of Love a - ny Worſhip was of- fer'd, any



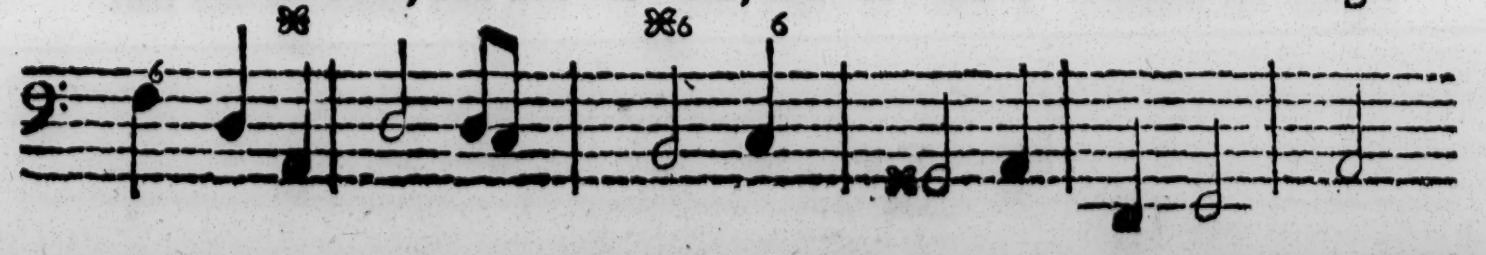
Worſhip was offer'd but one, that one let it be in which we a --



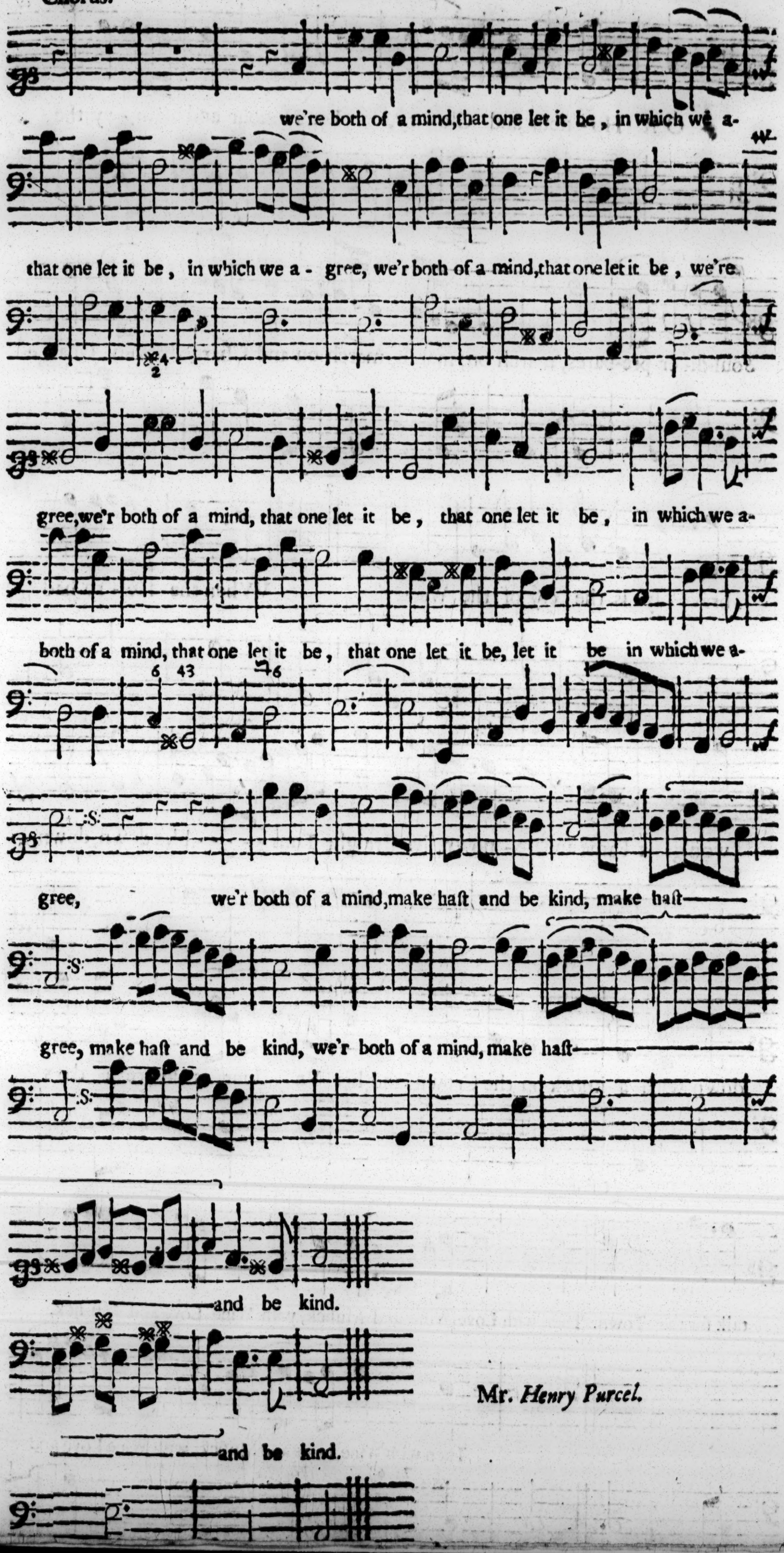
gree, leave Forms to the Maids who are younger, we'r both of a mind, make



haſt and be kind, and con - ti - nue, con - ti - nue a Goddeſs no longer



Chorus.



Mr. *Henry Purcel.*

FOR Ho-nour and Glo-ry, For Honour and Glo-ry the

Soul-di-er pre-pares, march on, march, march on and Charge bravely, Charge

brave-ly is the cry of the Wars. VVhen the He-ro had

won great Fame and Re-nown, he ſtraight Tum-----bles down, down,

down with a knock on the Crown, and his Va--lour is ſcarce a days

Chorus.

talk for the Town. Then with Love, Wine and Muſick, with Wine Love and Mu ſick,

Then with Wine Love and Muſick, with Wine Love and

Then with Love Wine and Muſick; with Love Wine and Muſick let's our

Muſick; Then with Wine Love and Muſick, with Love Wine and Muſick

Sen——ces em——ploy; Laugh——at danger,

let's our Sences em--ploy: Laugh,——-laugh at danger, Laugh,

Laugh,——Laugh——-at danger and trouble, and follow,

Laugh, —Laugh at dan—ger and trouble, at danger and trouble,

and Fol——-low, fol—low, and fol——low, follow true joy.

and Fol——low, follow, and fol-low, fol—low true joy.

1

Saraband.

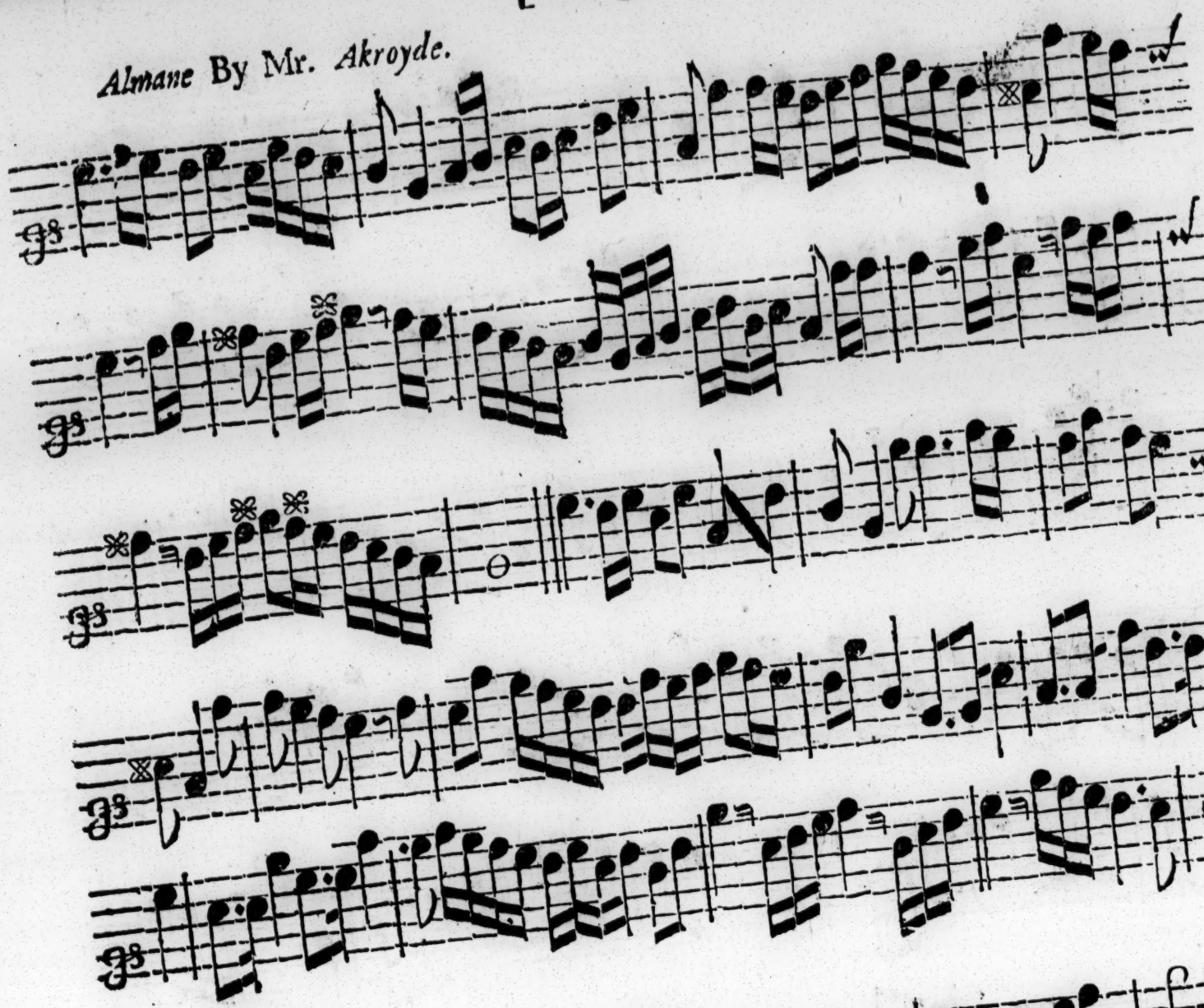
By Mr. *Ra. Courteville.*

2

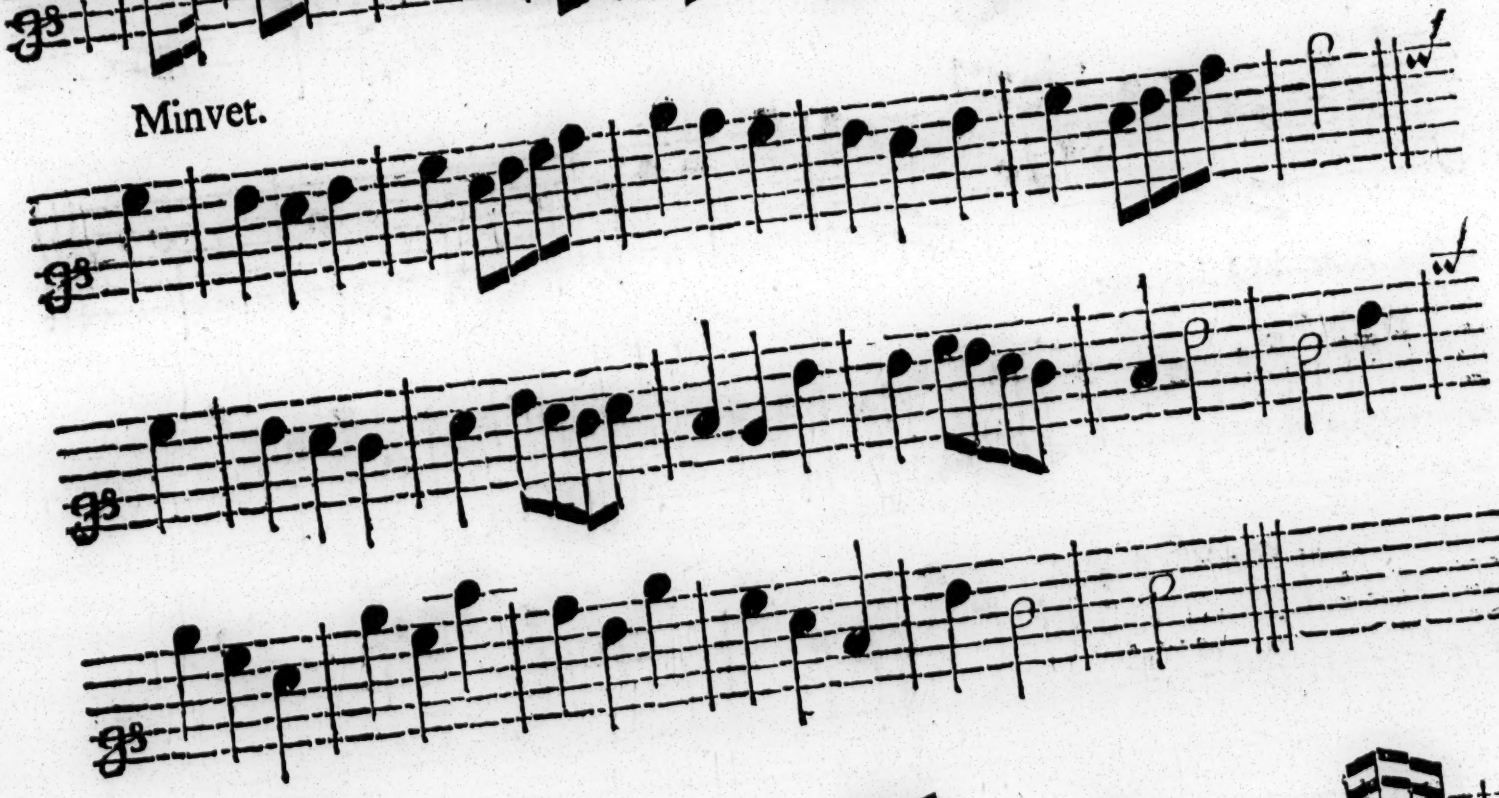
Bore.

3

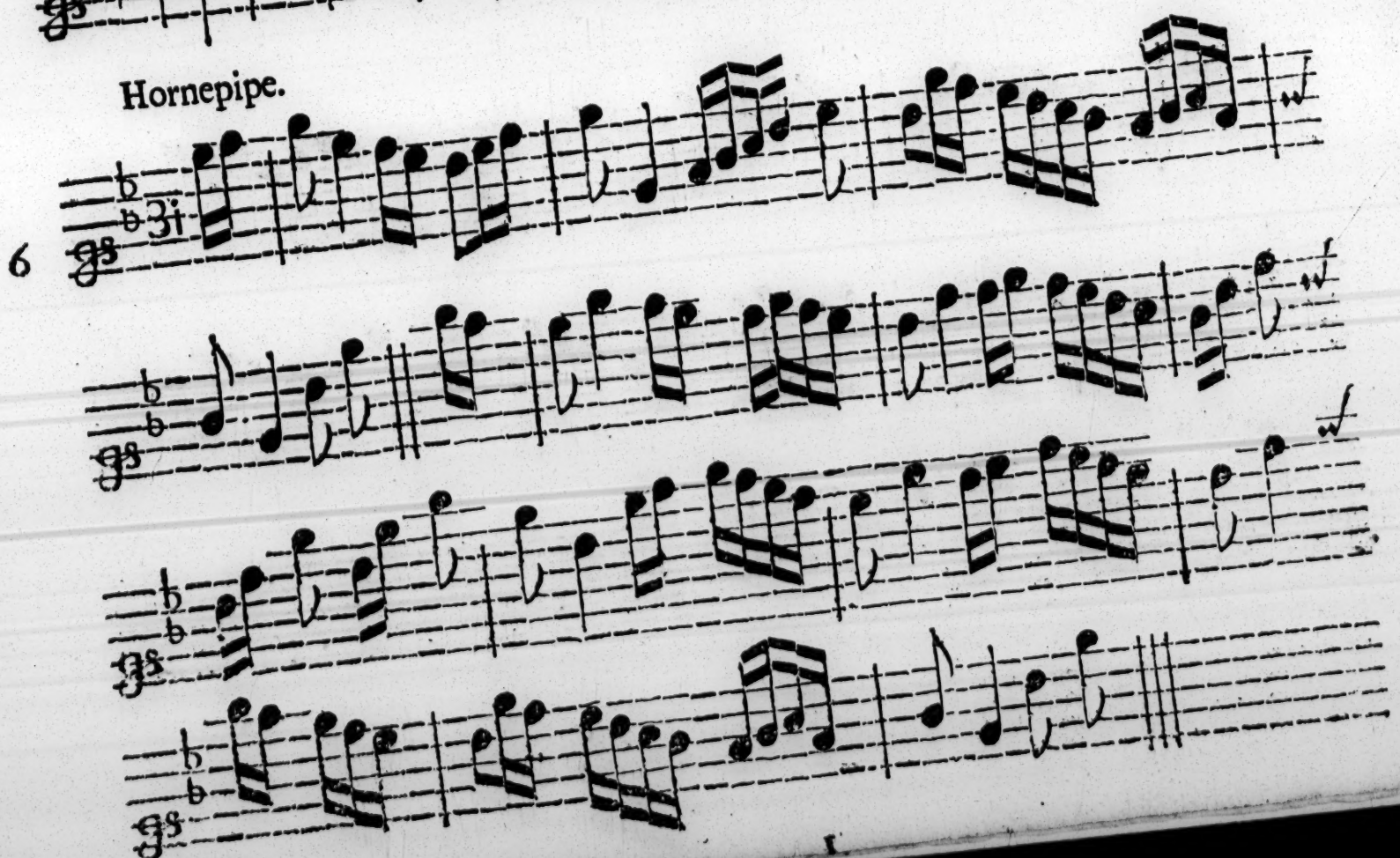
Almane By Mr. *Akroyde.*



Minvet.

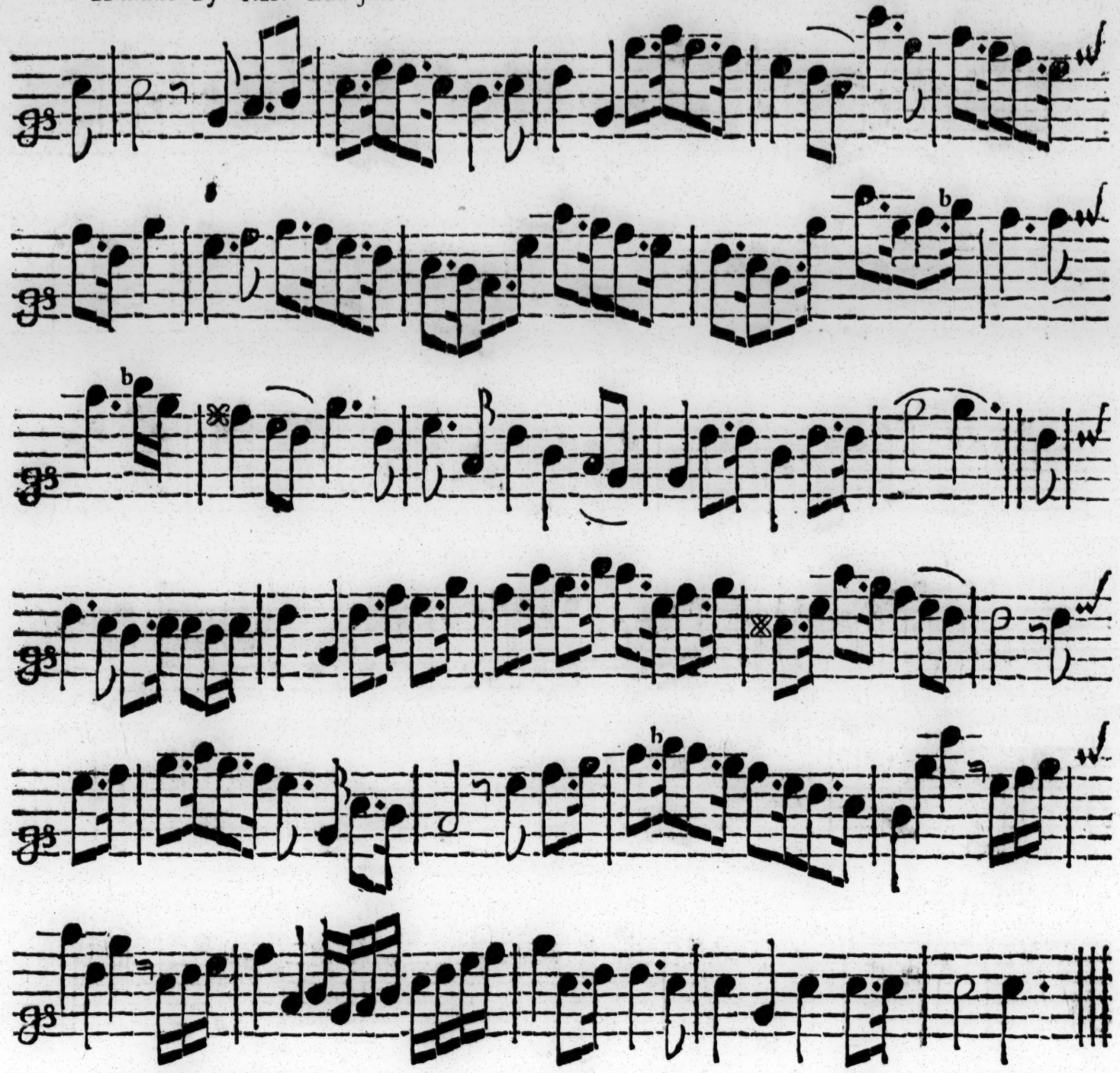


Hornepipe.



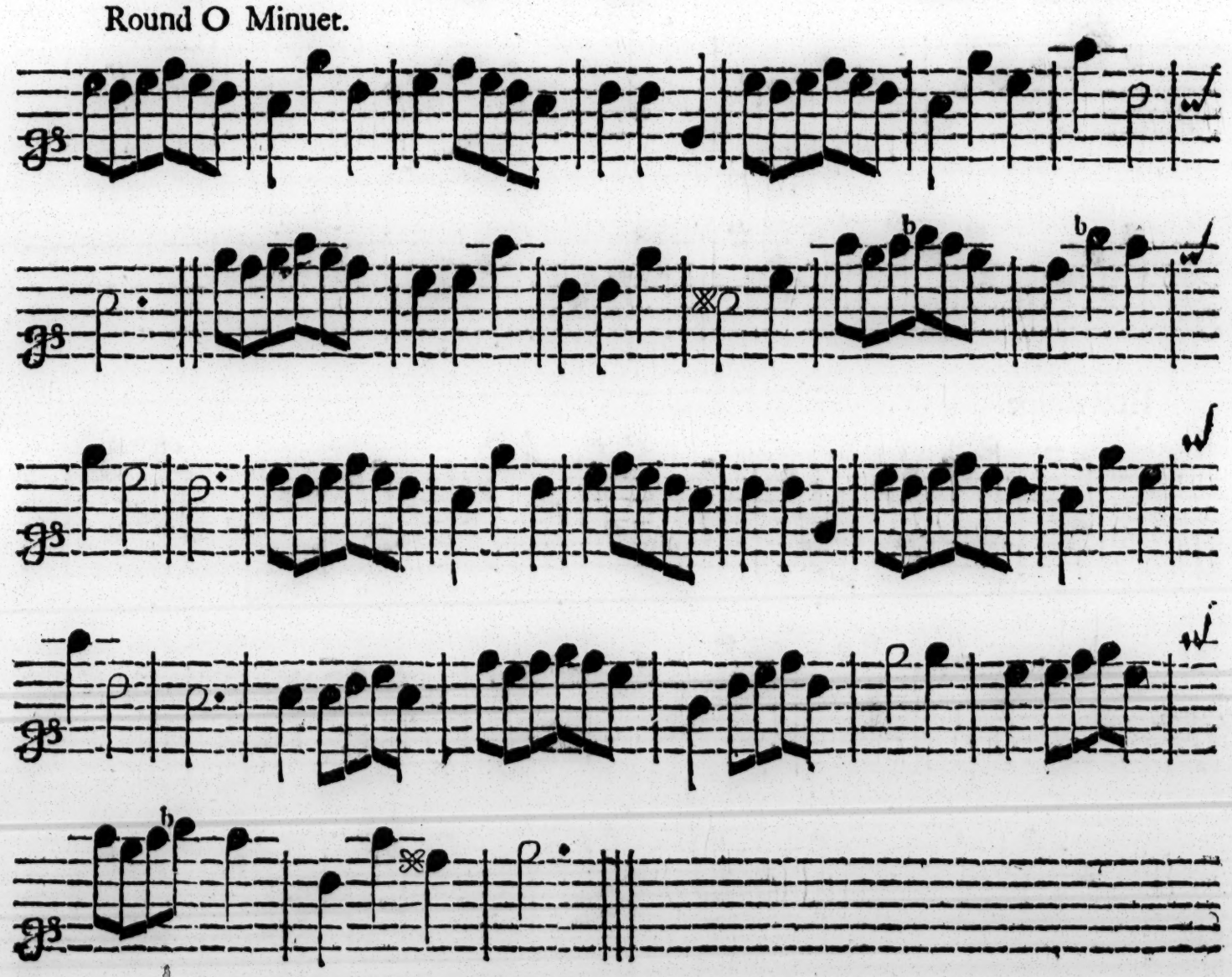
Almane by Mr. *Baneſter.*

7

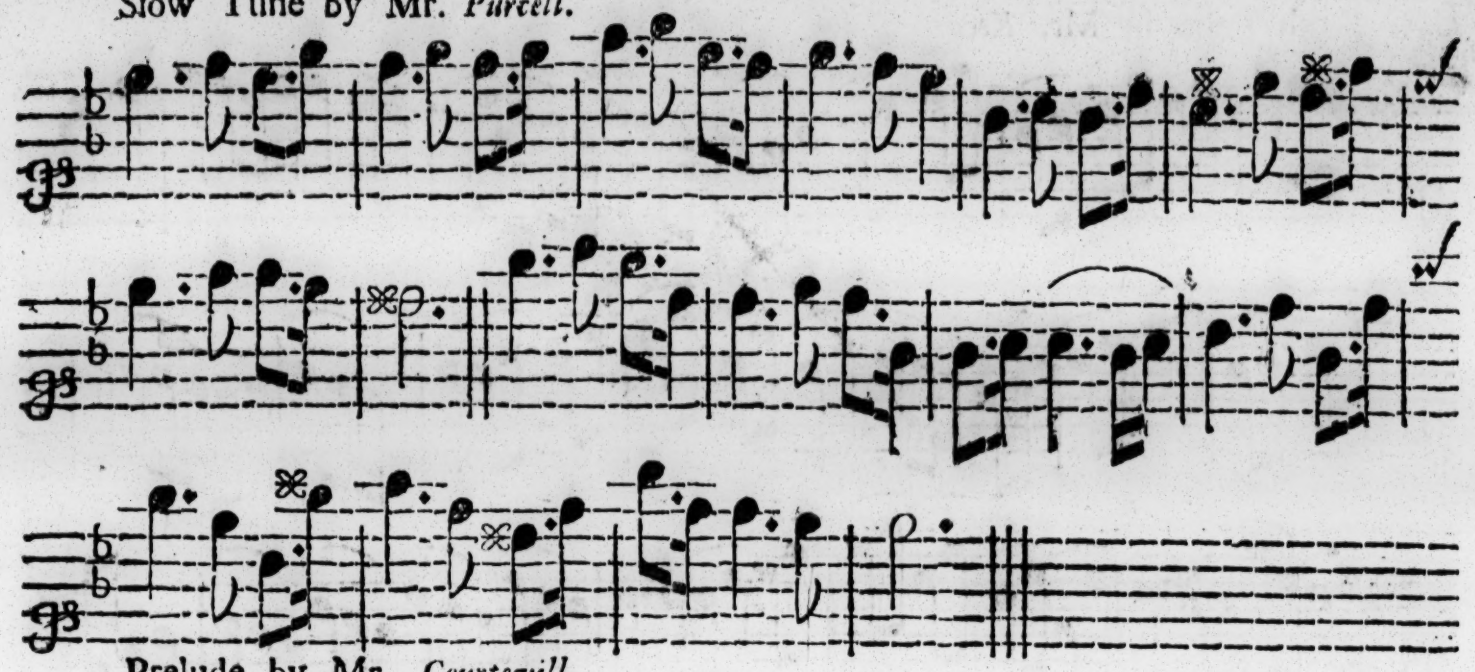


Round O Minuet.

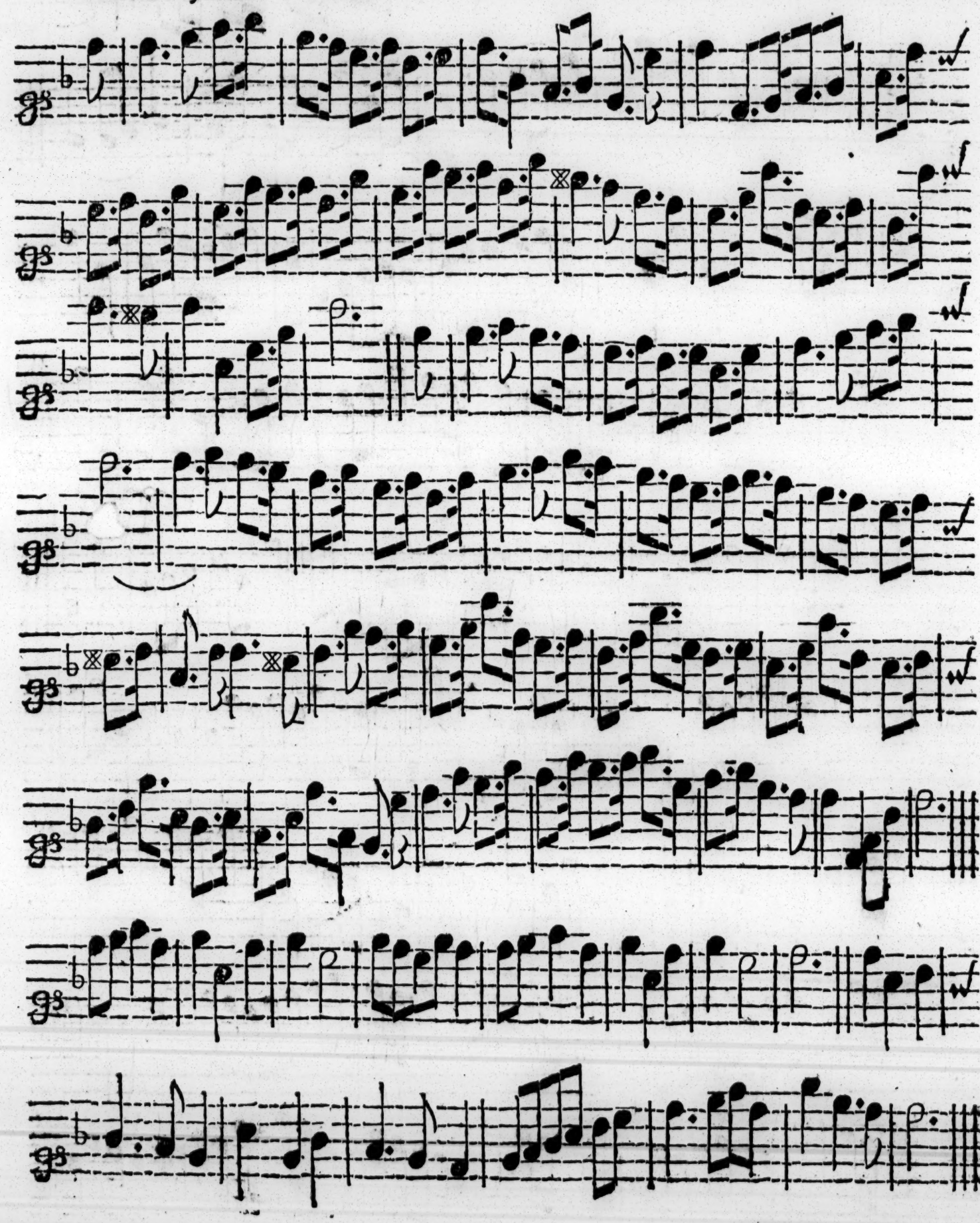
8



Slow Tune by Mr. *Purcell.*



Prelude by Mr. *Courtevill.*



By Mr. *Mumford.*

Scoth Tune by Mr. *Keene.*

12

Mr. *Keene.*

13

14